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SCHEDULE OF MAILS

In Effect Nov. 19, 1905.

BALTIMORE & OHIO.

Trains due	Mails close
No. 3—3:52 a.m.	12:00 a.m.
No. 14—10:22 a.m.	10:00 a.m.
No. 12—5:40 p.m.	5:10 p.m.
No. 72—7:18 p.m. (No mail dis.)	
No. 15—4:05 p.m.	9:05 p.m.
No. 4—9:35 p.m.	

West.

Trains due	Mails close
No. 1—12:53 a.m.	12:00 a.m.
No. 71—7:26 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
No. 3—9:58 a.m.	9:30 a.m.
No. 15—4:05 p.m.	3:35 p.m.
No. 55—7:28 p.m.	7:00 p.m.

W. VA. & PITTSBURG.

Trains due	Mails close
No. 3—6:15 a.m.	5:45 a.m.
No. 1—8:40 a.m.	10:00 a.m.
No. 5—2:00 p.m.	3:40 p.m.
No. 7—7:05 p.m. (No mail dis.)	
No. 66x—9:25 a.m. (No mail dis.)	
No. 64x—3:30 p.m.	3:00 p.m.

South.

Trains due	Mails close
No. 8—6:00 a.m.	5:30 a.m.
No. 2—8:40 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
No. 6—4:00 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
No. 4—11:05 a.m.	10:35 p.m.
No. 63x—9:40 a.m.	10:00 a.m.
No. 69x—7:15 p.m. (No mail dis.)	

* Daily except Sunday.
x Sunday only.

WEST VA. SHORT LINE.

Trains due	Mails close
No. 57—5:40 a.m.	5:10 a.m.
No. 59—2:30 p.m.	2:00 p.m.

East.

Trains due	Mails close
No. 56—11:18 a.m. (No mail dis.)	

AFTER THE SQUALL

By HONORE WILLIS

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The lake lay smooth and dark like a piece of smoked glass. Along the shore the early green of the trees melted into the hazy gray of the sky. At the college pier the reflection of the pier posts wavered serenely from the reflected roof of the boathouse.

"It is a girl one the night," Peggy exclaimed as Jack handed her carefully into the boat.

"It does look squally," said Jack, taking up the oars; "the sky, I mean, not the reflection."

"Pooh!" answered Peggy, curling herself up in the stern of the boat. "Do you suppose I'm going to let the prospect of a mere squall spoil my first boat ride of the year? Besides, we both can swim, can't we?"

Jack stared at Peggy with what was intended for a look of withering disdain.

"You bet, Peggy, if I thought there was any danger in this stunt I'd not take you."

Peggy raised her eyebrows. "Jack, what is the matter with you? Are you trying to be proud and haughty in an old sweater? My child, please recall that you had to be spanked into having your face washed. It is now, oh, Jack, too late to make an impression on my fresh young heart, I—"

"Gee, but you're crazy!" murmured Jack.

"And I," went on Peggy, ignoring the interruption, "I wish to state that this sudden development of courtesy in one who has pulled my hair and whose ears I have boxed both in sorrow and in anger makes me feel the necessity of reminding you that it is useless for you to fuss and put on airs, for you are nothing but a freshman after all."

Jack dug his oars viciously into the water, splashing his own red jersey and Peggy's white sweater.

"Strikes me you entered the same day I did. What time does that bloom in a matron say you'll have to be back?"

"Six o'clock. Otherwise it's Peggy before the house committee, and the Botany club depends on me to get the lichen to them before 7," she answered, making herself into a still smaller ball in the stern seat. The boat leaked a little.

"Oh, we'll be back in time easy. We'll reach the pier in half an hour."

Peggy looked a little anxiously at the sky. "That wind is coming up, Jack," she said. "I guess I'll get out the extra oars and help."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," answered Jack. "It's not a girl's work."

Peggy looked up quickly, then smiled to herself and settled back in her place again. It was very still and sheltered among the pines. The soft new needles smelled deliciously of spring, and the wind was only a faraway sigh in the treetops. The pine trees murmured, robbing the air of the soft fuzz of the new needles. Suddenly Jack pulled out his watch.

"Gee whiz," he said, "it's five minutes of 6!"

Peggy could feel herself going white. "Jack," she gasped, "it's not a funny joke to be hauled up by the house committee. They are all seniors, and one is so hard on a freshman as a senior. They have been through all these scrapes and know how to straddle hard."

They ran to the shore. In the shelter of the pines they had not realized that a heavy squall had grown out of the light wind of the afternoon. The water was thick with whitecaps, and the wind tore across the lake as if determined to add the house committee against the delinquent Peggy.

Jack looked out at the water with lips tight pressed. "Peggy," he said, "I'll not venture out with you with a sea like that one, house committee or no house committee."

"Jack Howard," replied Peggy. "You've got to."

"Peggy!" He threw back his shoulders and eyed Peggy with dignity. "Peggy, you are not going to be drowned while I am around. I tell you I will not go till the squall is over."

Peggy threw back her girlish shoulders and eyed Jack with even greater dignity than his own.

"I'll not speak to you, Jack Howard, until you launch that boat." And with this she pulled her tam o' shanter down over her curly hair, walked back to the edge of the pines and, sitting down in the needles, stared with marked indifference at the sky above Jack's head.

Jack stood irresolute for a moment. Peggy had never looked more tantalizing. The white tam shined a face that was almost irresistible, and he was conscious of an insane desire to obey the behests of that capricious, curly head even though so doing might lead to the bottom of the lake. But another look at the water and he withdrew to the foot of the tree opposite Peggy's.

After lighting his pipe he studied his boots with impassive face. Minute after minute went by, and the cold spring dusk came on.

"I'm just freezing to this old pine tree," thought Peggy, "but I just won't give in. Doesn't he look dear and tragic, though? I wouldn't have missed this row for anything. Rows do bring out the character so. Now, who would have thought that I could be so firm?"

Little by little as the night settled down the wind sank, and as it sank a fine misting rain set in. Lake and shore, pines and sky slowly melted into one gray green tone that gave

every a shiver of desolation. Jack looked at his watch.

"Half past 7, Peggy," he said. "I am going to launch the boat."

They moved out into the lake in dignified silence. Peggy, in her old place in the stern, snuggled down into her sweater and wondered how long she must maintain her difficult position.

Finally, "We ought to be home in three-quarters of an hour," came a soothing tone from Jack's end of the boat.

"No answer from the stern."

"A nasty rain," from the rower's bench.

No reply.

"It's almost too dark to steer, isn't it?" he inquired tenderly.

Still no reply.

Heavier and heavier grew the darkness, and wetter and wetter became the white sweater and the red jersey.

"Oughtn't to be there by now?" asked a nervous little voice from Peggy's end of the boat.

Jack hauled in his oars, struck a match and looked at his watch.

"Gads!" he exclaimed. "It's a quarter after 8. Where in thunder have we got to?"

"There seems to be nothing around us," said Peggy, "but water."

"Steer more to the right, Peggy," said Jack. Then, after half an hour, "Try it to the left."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Peggy. "It's no dark. If we only could find a little something to land on!"

"Now, Peggy, dear," said Jack, "don't be frightened. I'll save you. I calculate that we are clear across the lake by now, and we'll land at one of the lake farms and get some one to drive up to town. If we assure the house committee that we have been chaperoned ever since 9 o'clock they won't do very much to you."

"Oh, won't they?" said Peggy derisively. "You don't know them, my dear. They will have the time of their lives over me."

"Then," answered Jack firmly, "they will have me to reckon with."

"Isn't he romantic?" thought Peggy. Then aloud, "Oh, Jack, Jack, there is a light!" And in an instant they were bumping pier posts, the rough sides of which were eagerly grasped by the dragged pair in the rowboat. They landed and tied the boat.

"Hey, what's doing down there?" called a man's voice from the shore.

Jack took Peggy's hand. "The owner of the place," he said, "he's softly. Then he called, 'I'm lost with a lady.'"

There was silence from the shore, and then the man's voice came back through the rain:

"Lost! Who are you?"

"I'm John Howard of Hull university."

"All right, come along, Mr. Howard." Jack and Peggy walked carefully up the pier, and through the rain they saw a great building that seemed strangely close to the water for a farmhouse. A man whose face they could not see in the darkness stepped forward.

"Come right in," he said and threw open a door. There on a long bench sat a racing shell sat a dozen men.

"Hello, Howard!" said one in a surprised sort of way.

With one gasp of disgust Jack pulled Peggy back out of the light.

"The varsity boathouse!" he groaned as they hurried across the campus.

"Gee, I have done it! We'll never hear the end of this. We must have rowed clear around that conference of lake and the way to the shore, and to that chump who invited us in! We'll never hear the end of this."

"And my dose is a double one," groaned Peggy. "Think of the house committee."

Jack left her at the door of Rose cottage, and Peggy slowly climbed the stairs to report to the matron. But instead of fear a little tremor of joy made her throat quiver, and the prospect of her interview with the house committee was not even a remote point shadow on the clear serenity of her happiness, for as he said good night Jack had held her hand and whispered:

"Never mind, dear, we'll grin and bear it together. Won't we?"

Van Buren's Answers.

One day the merits of Van Buren were being discussed by a party of politicians on a Hudson river steamboat. One of the party had been dwelling on his noncommittalism and complaining that a plain answer to a plain question was never elicited from him.

"I'll wager dinner for the company," added one, "that if one of his shall sit down to the cabin and ask Van Buren the simplest question that can be thought of he will evade a direct answer. Yes, and I'll give you leave, too, to tell Van Buren why you ask the question, and that there is a bet depending on the reply."

This seemed fair enough. One of the party was deputed to go down and try the experiment.

He found Van Buren, whom he knew well, in the saloon and said:

"Mr. Van Buren, some gentlemen on the upper deck have been accusing you of noncommittalism and have just laid a wager that you would not give a plain answer to the simplest question, and they deputed me to test the fact. Now, sir, allow me to ask you, 'Where does the sun rise?'"

Mr. Van Buren's brow contracted; he hesitated a moment, then said:

"The terms east and west are conventional, but—"

"That'll do," interrupted the interrogator. "We have lost the bet!"

And Got Rid of It.

Mrs. Pitty—They say he is so unkind to his wife. Mr. Pitty—That shows how people misjudge a man. I know it to be a fact that he spent one whole year endeavoring to make a satisfactory investment of his wife's money—Towus and Country.

The season for indigestion is now at hand. Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets relieve indigestion and correct all stomach disorders. Sold by Stone & Mercer.

Shoes polished at Levy's cigar store.

QUEER PROBLEMS OF LAW

Cases with which English judges and lawyers have to grapple.

Hundreds of years of custom have not yet been discarded in the English law.

Here is a remarkable problem with which the Blackburn lawyers have just been confronted: An English gentleman had twin sons who were born within a few minutes of each other. He made a will that his property in Australia should go to whichever of the two sons arrived at the age of twenty-one first.

The younger of the two emigrated to Australia, while the other one remained in England; and the former was still in the antipodes at the time of his coming of age. Now Australian time is some hours in advance of Greenwich, and therefore the young man who there was twenty-one before his elder brother at home. Which of these two brothers is legally entitled to the property? The question has not yet been decided, and in the meantime readers may exercise their own acumen upon it.

Are eggs eggs, or are only hens' eggs eggs? This may seem a ridiculous question, but nice shades of meaning are involved, and a case which turned upon it went through two or three courts of law.

A lady sent an order for a dozen eggs to a dairyman, and he sent her ducks' eggs. She sent them back as not being what she ordered, but he refused to take them. She, in turn, declined to keep them, and some time elapsed between their journeys from the house to the shop, the eggs went bad, and eventually the shopkeeper sued the lady for \$5.6d., their value.

The county court judge ordered her to pay, declaring that ducks' eggs were as much eggs as any others. But the lady appealed.

There was silence from the bench, when a party ordered eggs hens' eggs were meant, and if any other contention were admitted any kind of eggs might be sent, such as pigeons, canaries or even rattlesnakes! Ducks' eggs, it was decided, were not eggs in the ordinary meaning of the term.

Are the grandchildren of a man also his children? In the legal sense this question is not so absurd as it looks, and some time ago it was most seriously and laboriously contended in the courts that according to act of parliament they were.

The particular act in question, passed in the reign of the late Queen Victoria, laid it down that "the father and the grandfather, the mother and the grandmother and the children of any poor person, being of sufficient ability, shall relieve and maintain any such poor person."

The argument was that, according to the context, grandchildren were to be reckoned as children for the purpose just as grandparents were reckoned as parents. On the other side it was argued that if grandchildren were children then great-grandchildren were children also and that a man might in this way be called upon to support his father and mother, his four grandparents, his eight great-grandparents and as many grandchildren and great-grandchildren as he might be lucky or unlucky enough to possess.

Is skimmed milk milk? A man asked for a glass of milk to drink and was given skimmed milk and the purveyor was fined for it.

But in a higher court the decision was reversed, it being contended at the time that skimmed milk was really much more milk than milk that was not skimmed, since the latter contained something that was not milk at all—that is, cream—London Tit-Bits.

Literary Coincidences.

How strange are literary coincidences occasionally illustrated in the case of Thackeray and Dumas. Thackeray says: "I came near writing a book on the same subject, 'Les Trois Mousquetaires,' and taking M. d'Artagnan for my hero. D'Artagnan was a real character of the age of Louis XIV. and wrote his own memoirs. I remember picking up a dingy copy of them on an old bookstall in London, price sixpence, and intended to make something of it. But Dumas got ahead of me. He snaps up everything." A coincidence quite as remarkable occurred with Sir Conan Doyle for central figure. He learned while spending a holiday in a mountain inn in Switzerland that during the winter months for some reason two men remained in occupation. For four or five months they were isolated from the rest of the world. Suppose one of them went mad or committed suicide or—The possibilities were endless. He forthwith determined to embody the idea in a story. On his way home he happened to pick up a book of tales by Maupassant. There in it, under the title, "L'Auberge," he found himself forestalled in every particular.

Treasurers a Perverse Fashion.

It may not be known that the familiar soutane or cassock of a Catholic priest was the garment habitually worn by all gentlemen up to comparatively recent times, though it was not always necessarily black. There is a portrait of Dante wearing one of its step length, made on an unmistakable "sun ray" pattern. And four gowns were not confined to gentlemen. The garment worn by the shepherds of Umbria in St. Francis' time and probably for centuries before and after it.

There is evidence enough of this in our own times, if one travels outside the narrow limits of western civilization. The man or woman who goes east will see skirted men everywhere—Arabs, Cashmeres, Punjabis, Burmese, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, to mention only a few. The present bifurcated system of western Europe, though it seems to the untraveled eye as fixed and unalterable as the pyramids, is but a passing fashion in the history of male attire.—Grand Magazine.

LIVES DEARER THAN OUR VERY OWN

How many lives dearer to us than our very own have been placed in needless jeopardy by failure to provide against and forestall the great suffering which too frequently accompanies and follows the bearing of children? That we would do anything which our power to obviate the possibility of such an alarming loss too patent to admit of question; therefore—marked with the fact—a lament.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

by name, has been devised, whose function it is to prepare in advance the muscles and tissues intimately associated with parturition.

This instrument is for external application. By its use the parts are relaxed and enabled to withstand not only the actual strain brought to bear on them during intercourse, but also to rally from this ordeal and speedily regain their normal proportions and tonicity. It is not irritating to the most sensitive surfaces, and is applicable to all cases. It is not enough to call it Mother's Friend—it is the friend of the whole family. It is so all-gracious that it is Mother's Friend, it is the friend of the whole family. It is so all-gracious that it is Mother's Friend, it is the friend of the whole family.

BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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The great State of the West, where lands can be purchased from \$5 to \$30 per acre which equals the returns of the \$20 to \$150 per acre lands of other States. EASTERN COLORADO is identical in most respects and the same opportunities are offered there. Buy quick while the land is cheap and secure the benefit of an excellent investment. THE ILLINOIS PACIFIC RAILWAY touches the heart of this rich agricultural region and extremely low rates are offered, allowing stopovers at pleasure in certain territory for inspection of lands of corn, alfalfa, timothy and other products, together with stock raising. We speak of

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Levy's "333" 5 cent cigar pleases everybody. Oct 18th.